

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Each small annexment, petie consequence
Attends the hoiffrous raine; neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall growne.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedie voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes to free-footed.

Ros. VVe will haſt vs. *Exeunt. Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my ſelfe
To here the proſſeſſe, I'll warrant ſhee'll tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
Tis meet that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*

King. Thanks deere my Lord,
O my offence is ranke, it ſmells to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppon it;
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: what if this curſed ſtand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the ſweet Heauens,
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerues mercie
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp:
My faults is paſt, but oh! what forme of praier
Can ſerue my turne? forgive me my ſoule murther:
That cannot be ſince I am ſtil poſſeſt
Of thoſe affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

May

Prince of Denmark

May one be pardoned and re
In the corrupted currents of
Offences guided hand may ſ
And oft tis ſcene the wicked
Buyes out the Law, but tis n
There is no ſhuffling, there
In his true nature, and we ou
Euen to the teeth and foreche
To giue in euidence: what cl
Try what repentance can, wh
Yet what can it, when one
O wretched ſtate, O boſom
O limed ſoule, that ſtruglin
Art more ingaged! helpe A
Bow ſtubborne knees and h
Be ſoft as finnewes of the ne
All may be well.

Ham. Now might I do
And now Ile doo't, and ſo
And ſo am I reuenged, that
A villaine kils my father, an
I his ſole ſonne, do this ſam
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly.
A tooke my father groſſly,
Withall his crimes broad l
And how his Audit ſtands:
But in our circumſtance an
Tis heauie with him: and a
To take him in the purgin
When he is fit and ſeaſone
No.
Vp Sword, and know thou
When he is drunke, a ſleep
Or in th' inceſtious pleaſur
At game, a ſwearing, or a
That has no relliſh of ſalu